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AN ADDRESS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE MEETING
OF THE

"BLUE" AND THE "GRAY"

OF

THE BATTLEFIELD

AT

CEDAR MOUNTAIN, VA.

AUGUST 31st, 1902.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE.

BY

WILLIAM PENN LLOYD,

OF

MECHANICSBURG, PA.



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the present

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

After several hours spent in visiting points of special interest and partaking of a sumptuous dinner tendered by the ladies of Cedar Mountain and vicinity the audience, several thousand in numbers, assembled in a grove on the Battlefield. During the exercises which consisted of addresses and music by a Ladies' choir and Washington Band, General John P. Taylor, formerly a Captain and afterwards Colonel of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, was called upon for a response. After briefly recalling some thrilling incidents of the battle, he stated that it was not his intention to make a speech, but that he had issued a peremptory order to his former Adjutant-General, Colonel William Penn Lloyd, to discharge that duty.

His Honor, Judge D. A. Grimsley, who presided, at once enforced the order with all the graceful firmness of Virginia's Judiciary, and Mr. Lloyd responded as follows:

Friends and Fellow-citizens: I feel it a duty to state, for the benefit of those of you who may hereafter enjoy a more intimate acquaintance with my dear old General, who seems to think that his orders of forty years ago are still in force, at least so far as I am concerned,—that beneath the placid and genial countenance which he wears there is sometimes concealed a good deal of the schemer.

I have indubitable evidence that it was through his machinations that I have been forced upon you on this occasion. Learning that his regiment, which had taken a prominent part in the battle of Cedar Mountain, might be called upon for a response, he clandestinely shifted the burden from his shoulders to mine, doubtlessly for the purpose of putting me in a tight place, and also to test your stock of Job's chief

virtue. I think I have, however, partially circumvented him in his first object by hastily penciling some notes in the "wee hours" of this morning while he was elaborating one of his old Pennsylvania snores, dreaming the while that he was shaking the rock-ribbed hills of his lime-stone farms and making the corn grow,—as without some forethought I should never have presumed to address an audience of such high culture and intelligence as is now before me; and as to his second purpose, he will have to answer to you.

But as I now have said all the bad I know about him I will try to find a word of good.

One of his most sterling and picturesque virtues is his extreme modesty (how some people deceive their looks), and I have a striking example ready at hand. In the fiercely fought battle we are now assembled to commemorate, he led a squadron in a desperate charge made by the first battalion of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry against a heavy body of your infantry to save Knap's Battery. The dash and return lasted less than twenty minutes, and yet his modesty so overcame him at the gushing reception you gave us, that he left with you 92 of the 164 men he took with him, together with his horse, and himself came back on his hands and knees.

Another fact may be mentioned to his credit,—one that I know you will duly appreciate—that he strenuously endeavored to assuage the miseries of war by vigilantly and sternly protecting the homes of the helpless victims of the strife. I can personally testify to this noblest virtue of the true soldier, as I executed his orders in this regard as his Adjutant and Adjutant-General for a year and a half. It will also be corroborated by many grateful Virginia homes, the inmates of some of which I am glad to learn are present on this occasion.

I may also add that all the apology I have to make for the sentiments expressed in the following notes is that they were inspired by the Virginia air I have breathed for the last twenty-four hours.

THE ADDRESS.

It has been wisely said that, "Great ideas travel slowly and for a time noiselessly as the gods whose feet are shod with wool."

It took unnumbered centuries to demonstrate that pagan civilization was better than barbarism. It took two thousand years more to convince mankind that Christianity is better than paganism,—and that work is not yet half accomplished. It took hundreds of years to wring from feudalism the Magna Charta of our Anglo-Saxon liberties, and it is scarcely a century and a quarter since our fore-fathers astonished the world with the Declaration of Independence.

While highest credit is due to those who won in these, and numberless other efforts of mankind in its upward trend, yet charity commands us to always reflect, that had we been participants in the struggle and surrounded by the same influences and conditions as those who *lost*,—whether we would not probably have been numbered with them.

Two Hundred and Eighty-Two years ago there was brought to this continent two, now historic ideas, irreconcilably hostile to each other.

The one was then so new and untried as to be regarded by the sages and statesmen of the day with scarcely the cold courtesy of a passing notice; while the other, venerable as the ages, was sincerely believed by its supporters to be both sanctioned and commended by Divine Revelation. The Mayflower which landed the advocates of the first on Plymouth Rock, on her next voyage transported a cargo of slaves to the West Indies, and a Dutch brig another cargo to Jamestown, Virginia. More than three score years after this, the consciences of our Puritan Fathers seemed not to have

been much quickened on the question of slavery. In 1682, one of their most advanced and learned leaders in Puritan thought and theology, and an early graduate of Harvard College, wrote to another "beloved brother in the bowels of Christ" as he styled him,—stating that there was then "at sea a ship called the *Welcome* which had on board more than an hundred of the heretics and malignants, called Quakers, with W. Penn, who was the chief scamp, at the head of them; that secret orders had been given to the master of the brig *Porpoise*, to slyly waylay and capture Penn and his ungodly crew; and that much spoil could be made by selling the whole lot to Barbadoes where slaves fetched good prices in rum and sugar."

Had lemons been added to this list of "spoil" currency it might have been inferred that these grave-faced gentlemen were not unacquainted with the medicinal virtues of,—toddy. This letter is given in full in the present August number of "*Law Notes*," and is taken from Judge Lurton's recent able address before the Georgia Bar Association in which he pertinently remarks: That "Men, their creeds, and their institutions must be measured by the standards which were recognized as best at the time "

The severe climate and limited area of tillable lands of the Northeast offered no inducements to the New England settlers to employ slave labor, and other conditions similar in their influence soon excluded it from the territory that afterwards formed the Middle and Western States, and hence there was in the North no economic, persuasive motive to modify its growing sentiment against slavery. On the other hand, the Sunny South, with its broad fertile plains, and specially adapted soil to the profitable culture of cotton and rice, offered great pecuniary inducements to establish and maintain that institution.

Thus were planted on this continent the germs of these two opposing ideas,—the one eventually predominating in the North, and the other in the South. In this instance,

as in all others in history, when such ideas come together there is an "irrepressible conflict."

In our vast expanse of territory there was for a long time room for both; and as both had great interests in common, for more than a century neither was conscious of the fatal antagonisms that were developing.

Our patriot fathers saw the gathering storm in the distant future, and dealt with the grave problem in the constitution, in a spirit of compromise,—hoping that, that future would find a way to meet and peaceably determine the question.

In the North all the influences social, moral and educational, that cultivate individual convictions and create public sentiment were arrayed against slavery, while in the South these influences were as strenuously and sincerely employed in its support and justification.

In the North the opposition was mainly sustained by moral and political sentiment, while in the South there was a still more serious question to be met,—a question that seemed to threaten its whole social and economic fabric.

Since I have learned to appreciate, even to the limited degree that one not a native resident of the South can appreciate, the influences, conditions and necessities that surrounded and confronted her people, I have an impelling conviction that had I been a native born resident of the South—my home and my kindred there,—when the war came, I would doubtlessly have been as ardent a boy in gray as I endeavored to be a boy in blue, from 1861 to 1865.

But the issue stood not alone on sentiment and economic considerations, however insuperable these, at the time, seemed to be, but involved the interpretation of the fundamental law of the nation.

Our state and national records show that our ablest statesmen, as Webster and Calhoun, discussed the subject, pro and con, and with a logic irresistible to those whose side they championed.

The first oath taken by Abraham Lincoln to support

the Constitution of the United States, when mustered as a captain of militia in the Black Hawk war, was administered by a lieutenant on General Scott's staff, who had also taken the same oath when he entered the United States Army,—and that lieutenant was—Jefferson Davis. These noted men, in their subsequent history, "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," to the cause which they respectfully espoused,—the one to maintain the nation as an indestructible Union, and the other to treat it as a Confederation of States. Who will say that each was not sincere in his convictions of the rectitude of his position?

These questions finally became a political issue of such momentous concern as to awaken the most grave and portentous apprehension,—growing in intensity for the thirty years prior to the war, and eventually kindling sectional animosities to such a degree as to effectually exclude the wise offices of law, justice and reason, and to leave only as a last resort,—an appeal to the arbitrament of the sword. Before that tribunal the South appeared as plaintiff, and the North promptly answered the challenge as defendant,—each, with a sublime courage never before equalled in the world's history, eager and resolute to vindicate and defend its conception of the principles involved in the contest. The records of war furnish no similar example where all the usual selfish motives and incentives were so completely subordinated to the sincere convictions, that each was striking for the right, as was exhibited in our late civil strife.

The bloody trial dragged its slow length along for four dreadful, agonizing years before the verdict was rendered at Appomattox, and there and then the issue settled. Until the question whether it could have been settled in any other way within the reach of human endeavor, *as it is now settled* can be answered in the affirmative,—where is there any just or sane grounds to continue, by crimination and recrimination, to live over the horrors of that deplorable conflict?

How nobly have our people, South and North, acted upon the charitable, humane, and in this regard, patriotic

principle, that it is wisest to let by-gones be by-gones, and the shades of oblivion gather around the errors of the past. Where else, in all the annals of time, can be found the sublime spectacle of a mighty nation, rent asunder by such a gigantic war as ours was, and to-day, less than forty years after its thunders had ceased, present to the world a people numbering nearly eighty millions,—united in heart, united in hand, and united in every interest that contributes to its prosperity, its honor, and to everlasting peace within the United States of America?

All honor to those who stood in the fore-front of battle and bore the brunt of the great trial, for it was those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray, who first followed the examples of their great captains, Grant and Lee, and clasped hands across the bloody chasm.

How eloquently this auspicious occasion proclaims the joyous fact that this grasp is growing stronger, warmer and more thrilling with every rolling year.

A sweeping glance that blends the past with the present of our Nation's history for the last half century, illustrates the truth that, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will,"—and yet how severe is the ordeal through which we must sometimes pass before that shaping is completed.

Proudly we now stand a peer among the first and mightiest powers of the earth; but what a price we paid for that *blended strength* that more than all else has made us the superb nation we are to-day. Yes, what a price! Nearly a million of lives of our noblest citizens, and multi-billions of treasure, with all the other destructive results that follow in the wake of a war like ours. This grievous burden rested on both sections, but far the heavier portion fell to the lot of the South. When I returned from the war to my northern home, I found it just as I had left it—peaceful and prosperous—but I have carried in my memory as a haunting spectre all these years, the image of your wasted fields and desolated

homes which I then left behind me. During the years of the war, the North was, in its economic conditions, a veritable Eldorado. Its mercantile, manufacturing and agricultural interests were not only untouched, but greatly stimulated by the war, and a prosperity secured that reached the humblest hamlet, and developed resources that contributed to a wealth which soon commanded the credit of the world,—while to the South, the war was like the Simoon of the desert, withering every energy, blasting every effort, and leaving destitution and ruin in its track.

Another burden which the South has borne almost singly and alone, is “The Race Problem.” While the marvelously recuperative powers of her people have long since converted the desert waste of the war into fertile, productive fields, and much more than replaced all her other blighted material interests, yet this grave and perplexing problem, bequeathed to her by the war, remains only partially solved, to still menace her peace and retard her progress. Upon this serious question that should command the candid and earnest consideration of every patriotic citizen of the land, I will venture a further remark.

May I assure you that our thoughtful and intelligent citizens of the North give no credence to the distorted and exaggerated statements of instances of lawlessness in the South, made by demagogues and traducers, for the purpose of stirring up sectional animosities; but on the contrary, these vicious efforts deepen and strengthen our sympathies for those who are laboring to remove the onerous burden.

Among the sterling characteristics of our people, North and South, are candor, fairness, and generosity, and when correctly advised of the facts of a situation, they may be depended upon to act on those principles.

Recent years have revealed much of the true situation in the South, before obscured by sectional prejudice and partisan misrepresentations. To the able and candid state-

ments of Southern men, the North owes much of the light it now possesses on that situation.

The transcendently eloquent and masterful discussion of the "Race Problem," by Henry W. Grady, Georgia's matchless editor and orator, in his Boston speech, December 12, 1889, like the jeweled beatitudes of "The Sermon on the Mount," has been working its hallowing leaven until to-day our most enlightened and potent sentiment is in full, deep sympathy with the South in its every effort to solve that problem.

We are rapidly learning to know each other better, and with that knowledge comes a mutual confidence, which nurtured and cultivated as it now is, by the unifying influences of our institutions, moral, social, economic and political, will make us one people, one in kindred, in race, and in tongue—Americans All—in a higher and truer sense than has ever been realized by any other nation, past or present.

We all now equally honor the old flag as the emblem of our nationality, and love it as *our* flag. Your boys of the South and our boys of the North have, in the recent war in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, marched shoulder to shoulder beneath its waving glories, and side by side have fought until victory crowned their valor.

I am sure we can all, here and now, heartily voice the sentiment that inspired their patriotism for their country, and their devotion to its flag,—and say:

"Flag of the free hearts only home,
By Angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven;
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but fall before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

[At the conclusion of Mr. Lloyd's address, the Ladies' Choir sang "The Star Spangled Banner," in which the audience joined with patriotic fervor].

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